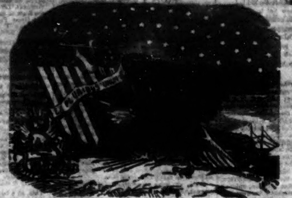

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers, NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance. THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852. WHOLE NO. 1623.

Choice Poetry.

LOVE THE OLD.

BY L. VIRGINIA SMITH.

I love the old, to lean beside
The antique easy chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair—
To press my glowing lip upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye where dwells
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand
That on my youthful head,
Has lain so tenderly the while
The evening prayer was said.
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tomes of legendary lore,
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh! youth thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and Love,
So many hopes—age has but one,
The hope of bliss above.
Turn thou awhile from these away
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-strings with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Thou bindest now a path of bloom,
And thine exulting soul,
Springs proudly on, as tho' it mocked
At Time's unkind control.
But they have marched a weary way,
Upon a thorny road;
Then soothe the toilworn spirits ere
They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged—bow before
The venerable form,
So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.
Aye, love them, let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,
As pilgrims very near to Heaven,
Regard and love the old.

Original Novelet.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON.

A TALE OF

EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Meanwhile old Mr. Clifton had ridden as for life up to Hardbargain, thrown himself from his horse, flung the bridle upon his neck and let him go loose, while he himself rushed up the stairs and into the hall, and without the ceremony of a rap, burst into the quiet presence of Mrs. Clifton as she sat sewing in her shady parlor. She arose calmly to receive him; and the very quietness of the lady threw the excited old gentleman off his guard, and out of his politeness, and into a rage—

"Well, madam!" he exclaimed, throwing his hat down with a thump into a chair, and tramping up and down the floor. "Here's a [illegible]

[illegible]

I have said the same to Georgie and to Carolyn! Indeed, my dear sister Clifton, I wish you would take care of yourself. I was a brute to throw myself into a passion in your presence. I was indeed! I see it has overcome you! Kate Kavanagh, my dear, you were perfectly right. I did forget myself. And you were a fine girl to recall me. Give me your hand, my dear."

Blushing deeply, as was her wont when praised, Kate gave her hand, saying—half apologetically, half appealingly—

"Mrs. Clifton is not strong, sir. She should not be agitated, especially so soon after her son has left her."

"I know she is not strong! My dear sister, I wish you'd be careful of yourself! I do, indeed! You're not strong."

"After fifty, we do not grow strong as we grow old," said the lady, pointing to a chair by her side, and indicating that he should take it. He did so. And then Mrs. Clifton turned to Kate, and said,

"Now, Catherine, my dear, I wish you to go up into my chamber and amuse yourself with a book, while I have a confidential talk with Mr. Clifton."

Kate immediately arose, courtesied, and left the room.

Mrs. Clifton turned to her brother-in-law, and said, inquiringly, "You know the cause of this lovers' quarrel?"

"Of course I do, madam! Satan fly away with them both! I know all about it! It was about her—up stairs!" he replied, indicating Kate Kavanagh by a crook of his thumb.

"Yes; it was about Kate. But it was very absurd!"

"Now, I don't know that, ma'am!"

"But it certainly was—ridiculous! Mr. Clifton! she, Catherine, knows nothing about it! Does not even dream that she herself had the remotest connection with the quarrel, and I do hope and trust, that she never may suspect it. What I wished to say to you, is plainly this: That I know enough of human nature generally, and of young people particularly, and of Archer and Carolyn individually, to feel sure that this very absurd and extremely inconvenient quarrel and separation—"

"Yes, very extremely inconvenient, indeed!" emphatically interrupted the old man.

"Is only temporary—"

"Yes, ma'am, but that don't make it the less embarrassing—the less inconvenient!"

"I know it! Hear me out!"

"What the deuce, ma'am, are we to do with the people who are coming to the wedding even now?"

"I am about to tell you, if you will quietly listen to me."

"Well! well! Yes, ma'am! I beg your pardon—I am all attention."

"Carolyn, I am sure, already regrets her hasty violence of temper."

"Yes! that she does! It's easy to see that!"

"And Archer, who is slower to anger and slower to repentance—though deeper and stronger in both for being slow—Archer, in a very few days, will bitterly repent the step he has taken, more especially as being on his Western march, it will be impossible to retrace it. Under these circumstances, this is what you must say to the assembled company to-night:—You must tell them, that last night a peremptory order arrived for Captain Clifton to join his regiment immediately; and that the marriage is deferred for the present. Let the company then enjoy themselves as at a ball. And all will go off well, and without scandal. I will be present myself, as the representative of our side of the house. I sent for you, Mr. Clifton, to give you this advice, and to suggest this plan of action in meeting the embarrassing difficulties of this evening. I should not propose [illegible]

[illegible]

Our Portrait Gallery.

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The above engraving of Queen Elizabeth—sometimes called almost ironically "good Queen Bess"—is more interesting as exhibiting the absurd female dress of the time, than as a true portrait. When far advanced in life, Elizabeth ordered all pictures of herself painted by artists who had not flattered her ugliness, to be collected and burned, and in 1593 issued a proclamation forbidding all persons save "special cunning painters to draw her likeness." She quarrelled at last with her looking-glass as well as with her painters; during the last years of her life the maids of honor removed mirrors as they would have removed poison from the apartments of royal pride. It is said that at the time of her death, her wardrobe contained more than two thousand dresses.

"Carolyn, write to him. The detachment under his command does not march from Winchester for nine days yet. Write, Carolyn,—there is abundant time for him to get your letter and answer it before he goes. Then you will be reconciled and happy. Everything will be restored, and you will comfort yourself by remembering that he would have had to have gone, any way, and that he has gone reconciled!"

Miss Clifton shook her head.

"No, Zuleime! I cannot! I should not [illegible]

[illegible]

hair some time, "you know, my love, that your aunt Cabell, and your cousins, are going back to Richmond to-day."

"Are they, sir? I did not know it," said Zuleime, turning paler, with apprehension of something that might be coming.

"Yes, my dear, they are. And, Zuleime—" here he paused—then he went on, "you have been thinking, I suppose, that you should have to return with them, to enter upon your school duties again, as the first of September is so near."

[illegible]

... shame at being so rudely handled, the Clifton blood rushed to her brain, and forgetting her father's interest and everything else, she dashed her hand violently into his face, and before he recovered from his astonishment, broke from him and escaped—her heart beating with one thought—one sudden, joyous thought—that come what might, she never could be either forced or persuaded into a marriage with Major Cabell, because she was already a wedded wife—no set of circumstances, whatever, could make it her duty, or make it even possible for her to marry Major Cabell. In all her sorrows, that was one blessed truth to sit down and rest upon. All her duty was now due to her husband. And with a youthful wife's enthusiasm firing and strengthening her heart, she thought she should stand as upon a rock, secure against a sea of troubles. Poor child! she had got to learn that no position founded on a fault is for a moment safe. Several things soon forced themselves upon her memory and grieved her heart;—her father's unknown but certain danger, her own promise of secrecy in regard to her marriage, the necessity of giving some definite answer to Major Cabell, and the obligation pressing upon her to prevent, by all and any means, the highly improper and extremely offensive demonstrations of passion from her suitor. She determined to write to Frank, tell him all that had occurred, and ask his advice and direction; and to do this it was necessary to gain time, and to give no false promise in the interim. Already was Zuleime beginning to taste the bitter fruits of her stolen marriage, and might have exclaimed, in the perplexity of her distracted heart and brain,

Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we venture to deceive.

While Zuleime's heart was beating so fast with many emotions, her father sauntered into the parlor, where he found Major Cabell caressing and soothing his afflicted face.

[illegible]

... the household. To end the conflict, and to gain time to consult Frank, by writing, was what she most wished now. Finally, she promised to give Major Cabell his answer in a week, and to marry him—if she should ever marry anybody.

With this promise, Major Cabell seemed satisfied—and with his mother and sisters took leave of Clifton. And Zuleime retired to her own room, full of self-reproach for her own deception.

TO BE CONTINUED.

An Eastern Story.

THE SULTAN'S BEAR.

[This is, in substance, a tradition still current among those Eastern Christians who are "dwellers in Mesopotamia."]

The Sultan being one day rather out of sorts, sent for his Jewish physician, a man very eminent for skill in his profession, and not less distinguished by his love of his own nation and his desperate enmity to the Christians. Finding that his patient had not really much the matter with him, and thinking a little gossip would not only be more agreeable, but more likely to do him good, than any medicine which could be prescribed, the doctor began to discourse on the very familiar topic of his highness's favorite bear, which was lying at his feet, and whose virtues and abilities he was never tired of extolling.

"You would wonder," said the Sultan, "not only at the natural sagacity of the creature, and the tact which he shows in a thousand different ways, but at the amount of knowledge he has collected, and the logical correctness with which he uses it. He is really a very knowing beast."

The Jew politely acquiesced in all this, and [illegible]

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER [illegible]

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A [illegible] REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

[illegible]

AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

[illegible]

THE STEAMBOAT BILL.

[illegible]

A GOOD MOVEMENT.

[illegible]

TWO LETTERS.

[illegible]

DANIEL WEBSTER.

[illegible]

...be very strong; but all Postmasters should get up clubs sufficiently large to entitle them to a copy of their own, and not interfere with papers belonging to others. Every man likes to have the first look at his own paper—it is human nature.

ALBANY MILK.—The milkmen of Albany have had a meeting, and resolved, on account of the *long continued drought*, &c., to raise the price of milk to five cents a quart. "A candid confession is good for the soul." Our milkmen, we fear, are not so honest.

New Publications.

THE HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION OF MONARCHY IN FRANCE. By ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE, author of "The History of the Girondists." Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This volume commences with the forced departure of Napoleon for the island of Elba, and his return, nine months after, with the unpromising beginning of that bold adventure—"He had not during five days' march recruited a single man; the people flocked round him, gazed at him, were astonished, but followed not. Every one seemed to feel that Napoleon was encountering great hazards, and that there was, perhaps, more temerity than genius in his enterprise."

This audacious boldness however, as the world knows, carried the day, and Napoleon reached Paris triumphant.

The following paragraph gives an idea of some of the troubles which environed Napoleon in his attempt to reassume the government of France.

It was necessary to frame the Constitution which he would have to present to his assemblies, that his return might appear at least to bring an institution to the country. This was for Napoleon a perpetual subject of indecisions and councils; he would and he would not twenty times a day. To give nothing was to destroy his popularity, and to give too much was to ruin himself. Benjamin Constant, of a genius as theoretical and peremptory as a German abstraction, but tamed and made supple in the presence of the Emperor by his defection and his selfish ambition, was eminently qualified to serve, on one side, these false appearances of liberal concessions with which Napoleon was desirous of decking his return; and on the other, the secret reservation of authority with which he did not wish to dispense, that he might still continue despotic, though with the appearance of being constitutional.

These two men, therefore, suited each other; the one consulted from necessity, the other advised from decency; but neither one nor the other consulted or advised with sincerity. They did not seek for institutions, but for pretexts; and, were the people only satisfied with appearances, it was sufficient.

Nevertheless, the popular or republican party had taken for serious the vague promises of liberty thrown out by the Emperor as a bait upon his route. From every quarter he received in pamphlets, in journals, and in correspondence, drafts of constitutions; and his cabinet was besieged by projects of this description. The Emperor turned them over incessantly to find amongst them ideas sufficiently popular to captivate public opinion, and sufficiently vague not to shackle his own power.

The volume, which is made very attractive by the important events which rapidly followed each other, recounted in the picturesque but rather unreliable manner of Lamartine, concludes with the battle of Waterloo, and the compulsory abdication of Napoleon.

HEROIC WOMEN OF HISTORY: Comprising some of the Most Remarkable Examples of Female Courage, Disinterestedness, and Self-Sacrifice, of Ancient and Modern Times. By HENRY C. WATSON, author of the "Camp Fires of the Revolution," "Nights in a Block-House," &c. Philadelphia: Published by J. & J. L. Gihon, No. 98 Chesnut Street.

This is a splendid subject for a book, and the names of such heroines as Joan of Arc, Mary Dyre, Lady Fanshawe, Helen Walker—the original of Jeannie Deans, Gertrude Von Derwart, Charlotte Corday, Madame Roland, Madame Desmoulins, the Countess de Lavalette, and Lydia Darragh, assure the reader of a rich and varied store of narratives. The story of Mademoiselle Amboe, is exceedingly interesting, and we only regret that in abridging it from Mrs. Jameson's narrative, the words of that charming writer should not have been retained as much as possible. Of course it is pleasanter to read the original account from the pen of genius than any diluted version of it. The book would be a better one than it is, if it were more strictly a compilation, made with modesty and judgment.

BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR—LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

These works in the Abbottsford Edition of the Waverley Novels, published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., are on our table. The Bride of Lammermoor we are sometimes disposed to consider the finest of all Scott's novels, as a work of art. The onward sweeping of a dark, resistless fate, overwhelming at last its unhappy victims, makes the book terribly impressive.

THE CLIFFORD FAMILY; OR, A TALE OF THE OLD DOMINION. By one of her Daughters. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This is a tale of the trials, the joys, and the sorrows of a woman's heart, told by one who knows how to portray them feelingly.

THE NECROMANCER; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF THE COURT OF HENRY THE EIGHTH. By GEORGE W. M'REYNOLDS, author of "The Mysteries of the Court of London," &c., &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

A novel of the high-wrought kind, dealing in startling and supernatural events.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND PUBLIC SERVICES OF GENERAL LEWIS CASS. With the Pamphlet on the Right of Search, and Some of his Speeches on the Great Political Questions of the Day. By WILLIAM T. YOUNG. Philadelphia: Published by E. H. Butler & Co.

This biography is dedicated to the People of the United States. [illegible]

THE MEN OF THE TIME; OR, SKETCHES OF LIVING NOTABLES. Authors, Architects, Artists, Composers, [illegible] Divines, [illegible] Statesmen, Travellers, Voyagers, Warriors. Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philada.

This, as a book of reference, is very valuable to those who wish to get a clear view of some of the prominent actors upon the world's stage at the present time. It claims to be the best collection of Contemporary Biographies yet made in this country; every available facility, of home and abroad, having been diligently brought to bear upon the undertaking.

THE QUORNDON HOUNDS; OR, A VIRGINIAN AT MELTON MOWBRAY. By FRANK FORESTER. Philadelphia: Getz, Buck & Co.

"The aim and object of this little volume," says Mr. Herbert, in his preface, "is to lay before my sporting friends and the public in general, a slight sketch of English Fox-hunting." From the glance which is all we have been able to give the work, we infer it is written with much spirit. Of course the due proportion of "love" is found in the volume.

THE MASTER BUILDER; OR, LIFE AT A TRADE. By DAY KELLOGG LEE, author of "Summerfield; or, Life on a Farm." Redfield, Clinton Hall, New York. For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston, Philadelphia.

This novel describes in a somewhat quaint style, the rise of a young American mechanic from obscurity to professional and social distinction; such a career as is often exemplified by the humble but aspiring youth of New England.

THE AMERICAN WHIG REVIEW.

We have received several numbers of this Review from the publisher. It is ably conducted, and contains every month one or more portraits of distinguished Whigs. Published by Champion Bissell, 120 Nassau St., N. York.

THE ANTIQUARY.

We have received from A. Hart, late Carey & Hart, Vol. III. of Hart's Cheap Edition of the Waverley Novels. It contains The Antiquary, complete. Price 25 cents.

Clippings.

☞ LOUIS NAPOLEON AND THE PRESS.—It is expected, (says Punch), that the Moniteur will shortly contain the following

DECREE.

Considering 1. That all descriptions of leading articles but one, contain reflections.

Considering, 2. That these reflections may be reflections on the Government.

The Prince-President of the French Republic Decrees:

That henceforth no leading articles shall be permitted in France but leading strings.

The Minister of the Bed Chamber and Boots is charged with the execution of this decree.

LOUIS NAPOLEON.

☞ A MOTTO FOR A POSTAGE STAMP.—"A penny for your thoughts."

☞ A great many dissatisfied Germans recently have returned to their native land from the United States. One hundred of them arrived at Frankfort the last week in July, and six hundred more were expected. Every emigrant that returns, probably causes a number who are disposed to emigrate to remain at home.

☞ The Hon. Marshall P. Wilder has accepted the invitation of the President of the American Pomological Congress, to deliver a eulogy on the lamented A. J. Downing, at the approaching session of the Congress in Philadelphia, on the 13th proximo.

☞ It is George Thompson, Jr., who is elected to the British Parliament from the Scotch borough of Aberdeen, and not the George Thompson who sat for the Tower Hamlets in the last Parliament, and who was in this country.

☞ "Is your watch a lever?"

"Lever! yes. I have to leave her once a week at the watchmaker's for repairs."

☞ A man with a pair of wooden legs is announced for Congress in Illinois. He makes the best stump speeches of any in them diggings.

☞ The Catholics of England are about raising one hundred thousand dollars to defray the expenses of Mr. Newman's suit with Dr. Achilli.

☞ The public are warned against a want of caution in purchasing bottled fruits, preserves, &c., as a poisonous preparation of copper is very freely used to improve their color. In London, only one firm was found guiltless of the practice, by the Sanitary Commissioners.

☞ Count D'Orsay, who recently died in France, suffered awfully from a disease of the spine, notwithstanding his fondness for horsemanship and athletic sports.

☞ Lamartine recently addressed a piece of poetry to his own bust—alluding in it to the broad expansive forehead, and the neglect of such genius by an ungrateful country.

Miscellaneous.

BORROWING MONEY.—We are often addressed by persons at a distance, (says the New York Tribune,) who, reading in our Commercial Reports that Money is plenty in Wall Street at 4, 5 or 6 per cent., ask us to negotiate them loans at these or higher rates, on Real Estate in Ohio, Michigan or Iowa, which they represent (we presume truly) as worth double or treble the sum they wish to borrow on it. And yet it is no more available in Wall Street than so much self-righteousness.

The loans made in Wall Street at 4 or 5 per cent. are *demand* Loans—that is to say: A. B. has several thousand dollars on hand (perhaps other men's money, left with him for future or contingent use,) which is not likely to be wanted for some months, though it may be called for to-morrow. In all, there are several Millions of such funds in Wall Street. The holders would like to have it earning something, but they must at all times be able to put their fingers on it at an hour's notice, as some creditor or depositor may call for it. Now there is another set of rich men, (perhaps in good part the same men who lent last year,) who want to use money in their business, and can give for it the most undoubted and immediately convertible security. For instance, one has $100,000 invested in United States or the very best State Stocks, which are his, clear of debt, yet he is willing to make more, if he can do it safely.—He says, "I believe Erie (or Harlem, or Hudson River, or some other) Railroad Stock must soon rise; so I will risk half I am worth upon it." So he pledges half his own United States or State Stocks for a loan of $50,000 in cash at 4 or 5 per cent. *on call*—that is, he must pay the loan when demanded, or the creditor may sell the stocks pledged for it and reimburse himself. With the $50,000 thus borrowed, he "spreads himself" on the stock or stocks he believes destined to rise,—perhaps buying only to the extent of his means, and perhaps buying ten times that amount "on time," and only paying or depositing five to ten per cent., as a "margin." If the stock rises, as he anticipated, he makes largely; if it falls, he loses in proportion. But in any case, the lender of the $50,000 can get it back whenever he wants it, beyond a moral possibility; and this is why he lends it at so low a rate of interest.

There is no such thing as borrowing here at 4, 5, 6, 7, or even *ten* per cent., on distant Real Estate—at least *we* know not where or how it may be done. Loans on *City* property are daily negotiated at 6 to 7 per cent., but on no other. The same men who lend at 4 or 5 per cent., as above, probably would not lend at *twenty* per cent. on Illinois lands—nor at any rate. They need to know, first, that their security is ample; then that they may obtain their money back the very hour they want it, no matter though the borrower be a knave and a bankrupt. It is idle, therefore, to write us with reference to borrowing money in this City; we do several kinds of business, but that is entirely out of our line.

☞ A considerable number of French Canadians yearly emigrate from Lower Canada into Illinois.

POSTSCRIPT.

FROM CALIFORNIA.—The Ohio arrived on the 31st, bringing the mails, and $2,530,000. News unimportant. There was but little fever on the Isthmus, and no Cholera.

NEW APPOINTMENTS.—Sol. D. Hubbard, of Conn., has been appointed Postmaster General; and John T. Towers, Superintendent of Public Printing.

General News.

THE LAKE ERIE CALAMITY.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

[illegible]

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1852.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,

No. 66 South Third Street, Phila.

Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., &c., are printed with despatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most fashionable terms.

DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

OUR NOVELETS.

THE CURSE OF CLIFTON,

A TALE OF EXPIATION AND REDEMPTION.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

author of "The Deserted Wife," "Shannondale," "The Discarded Daughter," &c.

At the conclusion of "The Curse of Clifton," we shall give the Sequel to Viola—

CLARA MORELAND,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

author of "Prairie Flower," "Bandits of the Osage," &c.

In addition to the above works of fiction, we shall not neglect the usual assortment of Miscellaneous matter—composed in a great degree of the CHOICEST ARTICLES that appear in the ENGLISH PERIODICALS, together with the CREAM OF NEW WORKS, ORIGINAL LECTURES, GENERAL NEWS, COMIC AND OTHER ENGRAVINGS, &c., &c.—hesitating at no reasonable expense to add to the variety and interest of our columns, and make them worthy of a first class paper, and of our great circulation.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

On the 23rd, the Chair presented a message from the President, communicating the correspondence relative to the Lobos Islands. Referred and ordered to be printed.

The River and Harbor Bill was taken up.

The amendment pending was one appropriating $130,000 for the purchase of snag-boats, dredging machines, &c. This was, after further debate, agreed to. Yeas, 26; nays, 18.

Mr. Douglass offered his amendment, authorizing the States to levy tonnage duties on vessels, &c., for river and harbor improvements, and supported it in an able speech. He was replied to by Mr. Smith. The subject was discussed by various members, and then Mr. Douglass withdrew the amendment. [illegible]

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

General News.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

N Amer Bk	149	150	Harrisburg R	46	46½
Penna Bk	115½	116	Wilmington R	32	33½
Philadelphia	140	—	Reading R	46½	47
Far & Mec	71½	72	Minehill R	76	—
Commercial	63	63½	N Liberty Gas	30	35
N Liberty	49	50	N W Min Co	—	30
Mechanics	32	32½			

IN PRESS:

THE

CABIN AND PARLOR;

OR,

SLAVES AND MASTERS.

BY J. THORNTON RANDOLPH.

T. B. PETERSON, NO. 98 CHESNUT STREET, *PHILADELPHIA*, has in press, and will soon publish, a finely Illustrated Book of over three hundred pages, with the above title; and would earnestly and most sincerely recommend the wholesome lesson it will teach to the sober and thoughtful consideration of every lover of his country, *his whole country* in this broad and glorious Republic.

It cannot be called a "Companion to Uncle Tom's Cabin," or to "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," for it takes a broader and a higher ground than either of those admirable works of fiction and of fact. But *they* were written by ladies of genius and education; *this*, however, is the production of a gentleman and scholar.

It is high time, now, the Publisher would respectfully suggest to the people of the United States, that a Book should issue having for its aim a truthful and interesting picture of the PEOPLE AS THEY ARE—*of the Northern Lord and his Vassals—of the Southern Master and his Slaves.*

This is a Book for the "WHOLE COUNTRY," knowing "*no North, no South, no East, no West.*" A Book of absorbing interest in its story, and of usefulness in its many startling facts! As such, the Publisher offers it with unshaken confidence to his friends and customers, as the best, the very best Book of the day.

It is not a book "written up" to an order, or for a particular occasion. It was conceived by its author long before the publication of "*Uncle Tom's Cabin.*" When Mrs. BEECHER STOWE was supplying the "National Era" with weekly chapters of Tom's Cabin, two years ago, it most forcibly occurred to Mr. RANDOLPH that there were many gross exaggerations of fact, in what otherwise promised to be a very good story. This production, now presented to the reading public by T. B. PETERSON, is the result of a conference and arrangement made for its publication at that time, between Author and Publisher.

It will be published complete in one large duodecimo volume of over 300 pages, with large, full-page, magnificent Illustrations, executed in the finest style of the art, and printed on the finest and best of paper.

Price for the complete work, in paper cover, 50 cents a copy only; or handsomely bound in muslin gilt 75 cents.

Copies of the above work will be sent to any person to any place in the United States, free of postage, on their remitting 50 cents for each copy they order, to the publisher, in a letter, post-paid. So no matter where a person lives, they can get a copy by return [illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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HARPER'S
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ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND COPIES are now printed of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE; and more than FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS are paid to American Editors, Authors, and Artists, for labor bestowed upon the preparation of a single number. The Magazine is probably read by a greater number of persons than any other periodical published in any part of the world; and more money is expended upon it, for Original Articles and Pictorial Embellishments, than upon any other Magazine issued in the United States.

The Publishers beg to renew their thanks to the public, for the extraordinary favor with which [illegible]

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THE LIFE OF HENRY CLAY.

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GREAT CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA! DR. J. S. HOUGHTON'S PEPSIN, THE TRUE DIGESTIVE FLUID, OR GASTRIC JUICE.

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COATS, ... $2 50 TO $16

VESTS, ... 2 00 " 5

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THE TWELFTH COURSE OF LECTURES will be commenced on Monday, October 18th, 1852, and be closed on Saturday, Feb. 26th, 1853.

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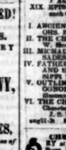

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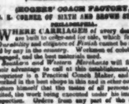

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Selected Poetry.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

There's a book that's found in every home,
Of every tongue and every tone,
Of every age, of every race,
In every time and every place;
Whose precepts fall like drops of dew,
Or like the manna sweet and true,
Showering its blessings large and free,
Dear Book of God, we turn to thee!

The rose may be fragrant and fair to see,
And the violet nestling shady,
But the holiest thing that meets the eye
Is the snowy page of a prayer book high,
Telling of hope for you and me,
Dear Book of God, we turn to thee!

The cross may be diamond-set in gems,
And wealth may follow the sign,
All things are to most men the holiest things
Which yield them honor or pelf or pleasure;
But the treasures that perish shall be swept away,
And the light that shines on the soul decay,
Then, heavenly Book, whose words are light,
We'll turn to thee for counsel and sight,
Till the beautiful gates swing wide and clear
To welcome the happy throng.

Other writings to falsify and accuse me,
With your Times, Heralds, Reviews, and Chronicles,
Tell of the Battle of Waterloo and the fall
Of the family and person of Napoleon.
The gay statesmen, shaking each genteel rapier,
Will tell you that I am a fool, a liar, a coward,
They may curse for mere pugnacity—but yes, if you
please,
To the household more outdoor for comfort and ease,
And the timid, drab-colour visitors of all sizes can get
in.
But, should you be inclined to call round to the corner—
Where the Pantiles are shaded by the lofty acacias—
I'll be happy to meet you, and have a quiet chat
With you over a pint of the celebrated Tunbridge.

THE BOOK OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

There's the library open; but if your taste is low,
Or you're stupidly given to vice, who can help you?
On this side of a Times, that side of a Punch,
The common pen is the common level.

'Tis the silent hour, when the blazing coal flags
No weight says on the eyes and the heart's weary,
Or the hand is drawn over the face to hide
Through the thickness, whose ripple and quiver
begins
Happy hour, assuring, with eloquent silence,
Of the sweet and tender hours with its vital stream to
be.

But the heart's not so merry, the mouth not so
ready,
If we are at the mercy of the household we serve.

Amid dust and bustle I sit, and the world is busy,
When the nightmare of winter bring dreams and
chill.

When the sunshine comes from their out of their plop,
And sit a-by the coals and the dusts of the day;
Then I'm ready to talk, and I'm ready to hear you,
Curled up in the fire-light, warmly and cosy,
With the steamer in the window, and the tea-board
The tall kessel comes aloof and the Spirits does the
rest.

I've wandered far off, over "mainland and sea,"
Over the desert of sands, and the forest of ice;
It hath been my delight, but alas! I am tired,
The poorest was in vain while my heart looked
home.

The room of the household of hard work with a spell,
And I never set off but I turned me to look.
"Tis the hearth in the room," was my prayer and my
song.

"O my household, my household, my household!"

There was light in my eye, when I saw the gone
Of old ale-time, half-screening the tavern roof;
I grew strong as I passed a'er the dairy-girl maid,
And the dimples and blushes I watched on her face
But the pulse of my joy was most warmly excited
When I met one of the families and then
When I mingled in the household room," taking my
seat.

With a chirp to my chimb, and content in my bosom.

Selected Sketch.

NEWPORT, AND AMERICAN SOCIETY.

Beyond doubt, Newport is the most entertaining place of the country. And as such, as something to see, it is the most fashionable resort from every quarter. It is the most aristocratic public place within the limit of the United States and the American aspect of Fashion.

A very little time will reveal the character of the life it presents. Everything, which in the natural condition of a new town, and which had in a sudden manner, from a village, become a fashionable resort, has become, in consequence of its social prestige.

Society is as much a spleen of art as any of the other productions of life. To be able to live in such certain persons, no more for a man or woman for clothing than to be young years old and to have a fortune. He is to be a man of Wales, Dukeboro, a boy embarks in business at twenty-one, and is retired with a clear fortune at fifty with a fortune, he is in the situation of one who in the parliamentary pursuit of the means he has put up and out of his attendance. He has been so long inviting his shoes that by tradition his feet are stiffened, and he cannot walk. To the same end, who can never be an addition or an ornament to society, which demands the harmonious play of every limb, shall be very ambitious and useful in their active life which regulates the movements of very different purposes.

Then, as wealth is a prime necessity of society, because giving it is pointed, and allowing the generous wishes and fancies full play, so wherever wealth is not so coincident, but must be negative, the real nobility of the world will always be swallowed up in the pretend, and the status will be light and imperfect, or, what is worse, an indecent imitation. It is only formed under such circumstances, would still always employ no unnatural and undignified consideration.

Now the test of a man is his manner of using means, and of acquiring them. Any stupid laborer can quarry marble, but how many can sculpt it? Any one can build a house of the Vatican! And how many men who have made fortunes spend money well?

I do not imply that they are not generous, and even lavish; but how much does the extravagance of the great contribute to the comfort of men? In this country, where fortunes are purely made and spent, what results of that expending power? We have carriages, horses, and upholstery, and dinners, and elaborate entertainments, and dresses of Young Ladies, blues with charms, and it returns from "abroad" with a knowledge of Fashion tailoring and haberdashery, and a general contempt for the first Broadway establishment interested in them!

But consider that we get few pictures, statues, buildings, gardens, or parks for the money we spend; consider that we rich men are put to thought to endow this country with a nascent race of rustic, like Young's Hermit, in Dresden, by which we should have all the finest embryonic forms of every age in the most perfect state, were very, only suffering from the original in the material.

"I have made my money, and I am not going to throw it away," is the response of Croesus to any such suggestion; and he builds a house in the Fifth Avenue, and gives a ball to his neighbor's, but a reproduction of it in every other fashionable habitation.

Fine plate and glass, and Louis Quinze and Louis Quatorze furniture, and a dinner of eight dishes, has a gain of 2.50's, and a wagon of weight proportioned to the ardour of that young gentleman; and, as he dashed up the Newport road, some cynical pedestrian Timon, whitewashed among comparing these stricken was made up of the savings of reckless words (really from the heart, and not from the lungs), and stored in his matter to make it busy. A piece of spill hatches three or four feet long is then carved with the schoolknife, and is set on a small axle. This is hooked on to the wall or the roof of a room, and connected with a string which is led to the door. Wormwood is employed by the same purpose. Are our Indian friends aware of this ? *Indigo!*—*Petticoats!*—*Pantaloons!*

JACKDAWS.—Beyond Jupiter, in his letter describing the "Holy City," says of it:

"Jackdaws innumerable, and of every impudence but that of fish, rein, poverty and degradation. There are two or three streets in the Western or higher portion of the city which contain only these, but all the others, to the very gates of the Holy Sepulchre, are crowded with poor. The Jewish Quarter, which is the largest, so cluttered and disgusted me, that I should never go the whole circuit of the city walls than pass through it a second time."

[F] The most astonishing circumstance which we have encountered in the career of Henry Clay, is that "in 1844, on being applied to by a lady to write some verses in her album, he replied, 'I never wrote a line of poetry in my life.'"

[F] One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself—that he may be a pilot, and yet a cast-away.

Pictures of Life.

BURNING THE FALLOW.

The Winter and Spring of 1834 had passed away, and a small piece of land, the last of the family property, had been left untilled. Whether it was that the soil was of a more than usually stubborn character, or that the ploughman was unskilful, I cannot say; but certain it is that the field was very difficult to cultivate. It was covered with large stones, which, when struck by the ploughshare, gave forth a sound like that of a distant cannon, and which, when dug out by the spade, proved to be of a most unmanageable size. Many of these stones were of a dark colour, and were full of iron, and were therefore, as I was told, very valuable. Many of them were of granite, and were therefore of no value whatever. Many of them were of a kind of stone which I had never seen before, and which I have never seen since. It was a kind of slate-stone, but it was not slate. It was of a dark colour, and was full of iron, and was therefore, as I was told, very valuable. Many of these stones